FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUYE. PARIS, February 10.

One of the ex-suitors of the Princess Colonna de Galatre, (Eva Bryant-Mackay), namely, Prince Philippe de Bourbon, is now under a severe sen-tence by default for swindling, so that he is in just the same legal situation as the runaway Marquis d'Andlau. Prince Philippe deserves to belong to a theatrical company of the "fly-bysort. And yet, in point of birth, he stands on the tip-top rung of the social ladder, his father being Duke of Aquila, son of Francis IL of Naples, and brother of the late Queen Christina of Spain, and of the Empress of Brazil; and his mother, the Princess Januaria, sister of the Emperor of Brazil and of the Princess de Joinville. Philippe is, therefore, cousin-german to Queen Isabelia and to the Duchesse de Chartres, and stood in that relation to the late Duchesse d'Aumaie. He was brought up in Paris, the greater part of his youth having been spent in the beautiful mansion, in the Avenue de Bois de Boulogne, where the widow of Rattazzi, the Italian statesman, lived like a modern Cleopatra, before she took for her third regular Senor de Rute, of the Spanish Cortes. Prince Philippe has been, ever since he reached man's estate, an assiduous helress-hunter. But there was a skelcton in the cupboard in the person of a lady, said to be his morganatic wife, but wrongly, since the Catholic Church does not allow half-marriages. Were, however, the Kingdom of Naples still in existence, she would not be his lawful spouse there, because the custom of that country demanded the King's formal consent to the marriage of any member of the Neapolitan Royal family. A brother of the Duke of Aquila, the Prince of Capua, married in spite of his father the beautiful Penelope Smith, who was recognized by "society" all over Europe as his wife, unless The Duke of Aquila is one of the bestempered, jovial fellows in existence. His wife is singularly plain. He has long since run through his own fortune, and a good part of hers, and would be now utterly penniless, were it not for the salary he draws as an Admiral of the Brazilian Navy and the pension the King of Italy allows him as a retired Admiral of Naples and a collateral heir to the crown of that kingdom, who has not only resigned all his rights in favor of King Hum-

Prince Philippe has often had to hide away In holes in the country from creditors. Last year he went to rusticate in the mountains of Ardiche pear the Vals mineral springs, and was received with "distinction" by the Abbe de Lacoste, the parish priest, as a son of St. Louis and a descendant of Louis Quatorze, and of the Rings of Spain and Naples. This ecclesiastic had several works of a devotional kind in hand, and no means of obtaining money unless through a The Royal acquaintance, or rather guest, for he was a visitor at his parsonage learning this, went and gave a cue to a jeweller with whom he was acquainted. It was for him to go to Father de Lacoste and say: "Look here! You need money badly for your pious enterprises. I am willing to give you on credit 6,000 francs' worth of jewels, which you can sell to Prince Philippe for, say, 15,000, allowing me a percentage on your profits. He being so grandly connected is as good as the bank, and is he is deeply religious, he won't look too close at the price." As said, so done. Prince Philippe, on being offered the jewels by the priest, at first declined to take them, because he had no ready money. But on being told that that did not matter, he signed fifteen bills for a thousand francs each, disappeared with the jewels, and has never reappeared. Moreover he absconded with some small articles be longing to the priest's housekeeper-a venerable lady of anti-Republican principles. Her father was the valet of Comte de Mote, a Minister of Louis Philippe, and left her, among other relics of his master, a letter which the Emir Abd El Kader addressed to the Citizen King. The housekeeper valued this autograph at 600 francs. But an ex pert said it was not worth the sixth part of that sum. Prince Philippe is condemned to pay the real value of the jewels, a fine of 1,000 francs and to thirteen months' imprisonment.

bert, but attends his levees when in Rome as a

subject."

Talking of autograph letters, some interesting ones were this week brought to the hammer There were two in the lot from the Empress Eugenie and both amorous. One was evidently an intercepted billet-doux, and probably to Prince Napoleon, when he was Ambassador to Madrid, and she and he were carrying on a fast flirtation pasty. No idea is clearly brought out, and she shows in them ignorance of all rules of punctuation and orthography. Prosper Merimee knew the poverty of her style and as a kind of father dictated those she wrote to the Emperor before he made her an offer of marriage. The second love letter sold at the Salle Svivestre was to Martinez Rosas, and dated October 3, 1847. had come from Brighton to Bayonne with her mother, and thus writes: " Everything looks sad because you are not with us. If it is so now, what will it be later? Formerly I would have sent you a lot of kisses. Now I send you this: (Here there is a heart drawn with pen and ink.) "The world is so evil-minded that it has always something to say." The expression, "The world is so evil-minded," etc., is even more commonplace in French than in any possible English translation. Perhaps it might be rendered, "So ill natured that it will talk."

What is remarkable in the letters is an incapacity to bring out logical sequence. Poor Eugenie had a tete de linotte, truly. And to think that it was her policy which was in the name of the French Nation to be pitted against Prince Bismark's Although Merimee took a paternal interest in her and was not fond of pedantic women, he used to sigh at her brainlessness and regret that she was not more a blue-stocking and less of a bell after she was exalted to the most brilliant position in the world.

A note from Madame de Maintenon to the Duc of Savoy, about his youthful daughter, the Duchess of Burgundy, whom he had sent at the age of elever to be brought up at the French Court, fetched 127 francs. The little bride-elect went, on arriving at Versailles, through a form of marriage. The ceremony over, her husband was sent back to hi governor and she was placed under a governess She brought life and gladness to the stiff and stately Grand Monarque, who was old and gloomy, and was the most artful little diplomatist that ever lived, under her air of childish levity. She was for the rest of her short life (death carried her off at twenty-two) devoted to her father's interests and used to send private reports to him when he was allied with the enemies of France as to how things stood at the Court of Versailles. She was a granddaughter of the charming Henrietta of England, wite of the Duc d'Orleans, and inherited her gracious manners, wit, intelligence, penetration and levity. Madame de Maintenon says: " have not any trouble in bringing her into th King's favorable notice. It would now be rather a trouble to keep her out of his mind. She pleased him from the first, and her daily behavior augments his tenderness for her. I ex pect every mement that she will betray some defect, because it is not in human nature to be faultless. But so far I have only discerned piety, softness, good sense, a kind heart and obliging disposition, native wit, dignity, a wish to please and distinction. With all this she is completely the child. Everything amuses her and her bright ness captivates us all."

Paris dances, and the official world tries to satisfy the trading class by setting the ball of festivity rolling. Diplomacy has accepted Madame Carnot as a femme du monde, and invitations to her private dances are much sought after The cotillon at the first of the series was led by Jeanne Hugo, the belle of the Republican salons, and the President's eldest son. There was brought into the figures a chase after small balloons, of the kind the Louvre dry goods store gives to the who had set it flying. Orleanism, of the shade which is glad of an opportunity to go to the Elysee, semembers that the first lady's mother, the late

Madame Dupont-White, was an Orleanist, though her father, Dupont-White, was a high functionary under the Executive Commission of 1848. It is true that he was a political economist of Leon Say school, although an admirer of John Stuart Mill and a translator of his works.

Lord and Lady Lytton are a great success Their social qualities have had only time to come out and they are the most charming kind.

THE "SUB-TROPICAL."

A FAIR IN FLORIDA.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Feb. 4. Some people like fairs and others do not like fairs. have always been one of those who have not found much entertainment in such diversions. The collection of bed-quilts painfully made of hundreds of small pieces has not even a momentary charm for my mind; and large pumphins and unattainable marrowfats are only interesting when mingled with other edible sub-stances and set before one in the form of pie. Since Emerson acknowledged that he could eat ple for breakfast, I have not been ashained to advocate this maligne You can even get ple at the "Sub-Tropical," if you pay extra for it. In Jacksonville just now, if you valk the streets, the murmur of conversation among the whites and blacks is of the Sub-Tropical. A few moments ago a black driver reined in his horses, pointed at me with his whip, and suggested that I let him take me to the "Sub, where I could have a good time." resisted and went plebetanly in a horse car, I mean a mule car. But I found I might have walked, and seen more accurately how the city has grown in this direction in the two years since my last visit. If I had walked, however, I should have missed an interview with a large groyhound, who galloped by the side of the car, and who, when the occupants descended, among whom was his mistress, was so kind as to respond to my greeting with the fervor of a dog well-wisher. This was opposite the enormous structure which Jacksonville has built in what they have named the Exposition Park Boside the avowed and praiseworthy intention of dis playing Plorida fruits and flowers, there is also the wish to make another attraction, another object for excur sions from the North. The other day I met a lean, sallow, native-born Florida woman who had once bee the keeper of a ledging house here. She was disposed to be very confidential. She said she'd just as lives tell the truth as not, and the truth was that what Florida meant to live on was Yankees; Yankees they nust have. Since the freeze two years ago she reckon they had kinder fought shy of Florida and gone to Californy. It was in the freeze that she had to give up her house, for everybedy had packed up and gone up North where they said they knew what to expect. they expected," added the woman, with a languid em phasis, "was to freezo, 'n I hope they froze. This Sub Tropical and them s'cursions from the North 'E bring them now in droves between this and April. I'm sorry I give up my house."

The day we visited the Exposition the "s'cursions had not as yet appeared to have done much for Florida and the fair. It is a vast space, and my first impression was that I was looking at innumerable tables, or all of which were arranged, in different shapes, pilos of oranges, of all shades of yellow. Now I felt that I was not getting the worth of my money, and that I must set my imagination at work. There is a young man in one of Dickens's books-it may have been the young man of the name of Chivery, but I am not certain to his identity-who would sometimes go into the backyard where the washed clothes were drying on the lines. He would sit down there and think that "it was groves." As I stood just within the entrance and looked about the acre of building (it is stated that the portion devoted to exhibits here covers an acre) I felt that now was the time for me to think it was groves.

" Craclous!" said my companion, at my elbow, are pincapples growing something like cabbages; and intended to pluck my first pine from a tres! No one has ever been able to persuade me that they did not grow on trees. The 'Sub-Tropical' has dstroyed one of my most cherished illusions. I used to read about Paul and Virginia I was always sure they to ik shelter from those sud lea storms under pineapple trees. Really, it seems to me that St Pierro expressly says so."

But whatever may have been St. Pierre's idea of this fruit, here it was growing at our feet on shor talks from the centre of the low plant. The sight of these rich and odorous pines was stimulating to my fancy. There were a great many of them; here and there over the whole space were patches of pines, doing duty as well as they could for all that lush and Southern lavishness of foliage, which stern truth compels me to say is not an attribute of this fair. But it ought to be, or why the name? Still, when we came to a place where some thick-stemmed banana tices sont out the long, broad and vivid green leaves, we hastened to stand beneath that foliage and found that, for the moment, it was rather easy to think it was groves. one banana blossom hung over our heads, and we coul be enthusiastic over that, for its opulent levelines

In the rear of the main hall there is the figure of a vast female who stands with uplifted and extended hand, in benison, I suppose, upon this show. I do not know whether this shape symbolizes the genius reason of this fact. of Florida, or is a personified blessing of the citrus family. It was our misfortune not to see her at all until we were exploring among the machinery, and were startled by the magnified vision of what then seemed like a leviathan kind of rag-baby-for the rags and colton with which she was stuffed were coming out of her as if somebody had attacked her with a view toward seeing if she, like other dolls, were filled with sawdust. In justice to this inaulmate creature I must add that, a few rods away, she only looked seriously benignant, and outirely unconscious of what she was made. Which is a way, I think, with some of

us humans, fortunately. Speaking for myself, I could wish that they had not fewer oranges into this great building, and made it look less like an immense orange market. At almost any rn you can have the privilege of buying this fro at prices somewhat in advance of the prices you would pay in New-York. Of course a thing is more valuable on the spot where it is raised, and you won't get any satisfaction if you argue the question; all you will get is to get angry.

No fair on the face of the clobe, I suppose, can be omplete without mammoth turning and beets and squashes; and here they are presided over by tanned en who beam on the vegetables, and turn and pat them tenderly. To the agricultural mind these are doubtless objects of interest; but in the average mind not vegetably inclined-save at the table-the sight of a gigantic turnip inspires no rapture, even though it be seen in a Sub-Tropical Exposition in Florida, instead of a county fair in New-England. And tidles and lamp mats; these are things which surely one need ne come down to Florida to see. It may be, however that these things are mysteriously necessary to the internal economy of every fair; that, in short, no fair

is complete without them.

My friend uttered an exclamation of joy soon after we had seen the inevitable engraver on glass who will while you wait, engrave your name on a tumbler which you shall carry away as a frail reminder of this

day of joy. "Here is the bed-quilt," said my friend, taking hold of something which hung down near the drapery of the presiding genius of the place. "See! It is made by Mrs. Blank, of Blank, and it contains 999 pieces sewed together by hand. Ah! Woman need never expect any rights in this world when they will delierately cut up 999 pieces of stuff and sew them to gether again! And a woman who will do it has i

right, save the right to be called a donkey." I am afraid we do not belong to that class who ap preciate labored bed-quilts. But we waxed well nigh enthusiastic over the crotons which here occasionally and places. They are something suggestively tropical the gorgeous shrubs of such richness of variety take you to their habitat, the South Sea islands, and make it plain why Lady Brassey was so tempted to describe them. Could there not have been a nook in this show where a luxuriance of crotons and baranas, and all the vicious-looking eacti might have made a truly tropical corner 1 It needs some such corner. For, of all places, a Sub-Tropical fair should have a lavish look., and not es this does, a kind of bareness, in spite of the many individual specimens of 8-uthers growth. There are oranges enough, as I have said. but there is not enough of anything else that is specially characteristic. Above all, there is a dearth of that magnicent foliage which alone can make one dream of everlasting summer. If I were an excursionist I would come to Florida, but I would warn people that their fifty-cent pieces will bring them more fun if spent for some other object than for tickets to this exposition.

THE BABY'S STRANGE NAME.

"Causier" (William A. Hovey) in The Boston Herald.

A welcome arrival occurred in a friend's house, and no one took more interest in the little stranger than Maggie, a faithful old Irish servant, who had been in the family for years. "And phat will yez call the darlin', marm?" she asked. "Harold," briefly answerse the happy mother. "Phat is it. Herald?" Yez might as well call him 'Globe' or 'Travelier' and done with

SEVEN JUDGES.

NEW-YORK'S SUPREME COURT BENCH. SOME ANECDOTES OF CLEVER MEN-JUDGE BRADY'S SPEECH-A PROTESTING WITNESS.

There are few places of public trust and distinction nore fascinating and more generally coveted by lawyers than the Supreme Court Judgeships. To be a Justice of the Supreme Court in this city is to attain a distinction that marks a man for honor, influence and dignity among his fellow-citizens. He is clothed with extraordinary power over life and property. He is conceded ion most flattering to his self-esteem. At his back is marshalled all the strength of the State ready to enforce the law just as he chooses to define and apply it.
What compliment to his integrity and ability could be greater than an election to the exercise of functions so exalted ! There is nothing of an experiment about such an election. It is not in the nature of a trial. It conveys to the chosen candidate the full assurance of popular confidence. The vast responsibilities of his office are entrusted to him for a period of fourteen years. He is made the recipient of an annual salary of \$17,500. He has constantly before him the ablest body of lawyers in existence, and is called upon to solve problems of the greatest delicacy, requiring great learning, wide experimee, an intimate knowledge of human nature, a fund of patience and an intimacy with the science of the law which can only come as the fruit of many years of

The Supreme Court Bench of this city contains sever members, as widely different in mental as in physical particulars, all of them coming up to the full judicis standard and several held in exceptional esteem. It is considered a Bouch of rare strength. Against the character of its members never a breath of suspicion has been raised. They had all won a recognized place at the bar before being decked with the judicial ermine. In their fraternal relations they are a Happy Family. There is not the slightest discord or want of harmon between the Judges. They take luncheon together every day in a private parlor at a down-town restaurant, where the noon hour is spent in the most enlivening In the white marble Court House a suite of rooms i

reserved for their private accommodation. That which contains their offices was fitted up only a few years ago. when the apartment they then occupied had to be sur rendered for use as a court room, it was necessary to make many changes, and Judge Van Brunt took charge of the work. The appropriation was small, and in order to fit up the room at all bandsomely regard for the econmies was essential. So Judge Van Brunt, who knows all about everything, addressed himself seriously to the task. He helped to draw the plans and lessened architecta': fees. Then he called for carpenters' proposals and having selected a good man shaved him down till his margin of profit was all gone. He bought carpets, lambrequins, curtains, sofas, trimmings, everything re quired to make the room pleasant; but it is believed that every tradesman to whom he gave the Judges' custom ost heavily on the job. At last, when he had fully arranged and furnished the room at a cost of about one tenth what it would have been had the work been done in the usual way, he received the thanks and congratula ions of his judicial brethren, for whose comforts he had been so regardful, and went to Europe. He was enjoying his vacation there immensely until he heard the ne heartless wag, more than half-suspected to have that he had been sent abroad for the especial purpose of securing a French cook for the Judges. That broke up his trip. He has said since that no incident in his caree. did so much to shatter his faith in human nature as that outrageous libel about the French cook. He packed his trunks as soon as he heard it and came home.

Judge Van Brunt is the Presiding Justice of the Court. a distinction held by the Governor's designation. He t not the oldest in point of service, both Judge Brady and Judge Barrett having taken their scats earlier. But was chosen at the general request of the Court, and especially of Judge Barrett, who has always greatly admired him. Judge Barrett's urgency probably de remarkably fitted for the chief place, as he possessed rare executive ability. When he accepted this rank the General Term calendar was two years old. In less than three months he had cleared it off, baving finally disposed of every case on appeal. It is considered that there is no subject of human interest or concern whether dealing with things in heaven or on the earth or under the earth, upon which Mr. Justice Van Brunt has not an immediate, positive and unchanging opinion. The vigor and robustness of his mental processes are well shown by a story ex-Judge Neah Davis sometimes tells. He and Judge Brady, then sitting at General Term, came out into the room where the other members of the Court were enatting together, and began to speak of a case which had just come before them on appeal. After stating the facts on the record and citing the law, they told

Judge Van Brunt laughed deristvely. "He's wrong," he said. " He's all wrong. I don't know who he is and I don't care a fit, but he's all wrong. You're bound to reverse him and you ought to have done it without leaving

Judge Davis smiled.

"Just as you say, Julge," he answered, " the appeal was brought up from one of your own decisions."

"Then I had my head in a bag that day, sure," he re pited, " for that decision is all wrong. If I made it I apply to myself all I said without knowing who made it. Those who know the Judge personally will need no assurance of his sincerity. His manner is bluff, sharp and resolute. Weat to other men are opinions, to him are solid facts. He speaks sharply and goes as straight as a shot to the heart of his subject, brushing aside quibbles! and paltry pleas as marcilessly as the housewife sweeps off the cobwebs on the wall. He wants no non sense and no deception tried on him. He does not lack humor. Indeed, he has much of a certain sort. It is a grim humor with nothing of the Damascus blade about it. A lawyer who had served as referee in a partition suit, having made his report which fell to Jud ge Va Brunt's lot to receive, wrote him asking for the further commission to sell the property. It is the usual practice been referee in the suit, and the attorney's motive in writing was to call the Court's attention to the fact that he had so acted. His dismay and chagrin may be imagined, therefore, when he received a reply to his note

unning about like this: " Sin: Before the receipt of your letter desiring the appointment as referee to sell the property involved in the partition suit of Doe vs. Roc, I had already made my ap pointment. But to be entirely frank with you, sir, must say that even if I had heard from you in time. I

should have made no change." The unhappy lawyer was plunged in glosm. What could be have done to deserve such a letter ! For twenty-four hours he was in misery, but the note was explained the next day when he received the order of the Court to sell in which his own name appeared as referee. Judge Van Brunt's humor is humor, but spare

Judge Van Brunt's colleague at General Term is Judge

brady, who has sat on appeals for many years, and who

has contributed many opinions to the permanent literature of the law. Judge Brady is a scholar. He possesses a fluent, lucid style and is much esteemed as a legal writer. But early in life society made demands upon him and he won the unhappy reputation of a wit. He struggled against it for a long while and insisted that he wasn't funny, but people only laughed the more heartily and called it "very good." At last the hopelessness of altering their opinion broke upon his mind with full force, and he abandoned the conflict. He became a confirmed diner-out. He was sought for constantly at public dinners and private entertainments, and his stories, jokes and impersonations became almost as famous as his judicial decisions. One of his greatest efforts was first given at a dinner in honor of General Grant. It was an inspiration, as most of the very elever things are. There was a misunderstanding. Either he did not know he was expected to speak, or he had no time for preparation. At all events, when he was called upon, he rose only to find his mind in a chaotic condi-tion. Almost before he was conscious of any definite purpose he began to emit a series of guttural sounds in mitation of German. There were a few Germans and German scholars present and they roared with laughter. Soon the whole table caught the idea. He was making a speech with neither rhyme nor reason, not a single syllable of which had the remotest relation to any known human tongue, but which sounded like the most perfect German. He gesticulated with both grace and spirit. He modulated his voice to suit imaginary sen timents. Now it was unspeakably tender, now full of the intensest passion, now harsh and discordant, now lofty and sublime. And at the end of each well-drawn period, rounded with all the symmetry of a postic close, he uttered the one intelligible word, GRANT! It was the only word that anybody understood, of course. Now it ended what might have been the description of a battle scene, or of his services as a statesman, or of his great journey round the world, or of the homage paid him by Kings and Emperors, or of his place in the tove and admiration of his fellow citizens. When the Judge sat lown everybody was roaring with laughter. It was a perfect imitation of German, and yet he had not used a single word excepting Grant's name, which had ever served as stem, root, prefix or particle in any language modern or dead, since the confusion of tongues at Babel General Grant regarded it as the greatest address he had ever listened to in his honor, and after that whenever he met the Judge'as dinner he demanded "some kind of a German speech."

The best thing about it is yet to be told. With a couple of his judicial bretaren shortly after the Grant dinner, but long enough after for his proficiency in " German" to have become noised around among his friends, th Judge stopped into a cigar store. Its proprietor who came forward was plainly of Toutonic origin. The Judge looked into the cigar case and then spoke inquiringly in his queer lingo. The man answered in German that he his queer ingo. The man answered in Octions that the did not understand, and it was repeated. The poor fellow colored with mortification at being unable to comprehend his own mether tongue, spoken by a gentleman so evidently familiar with it, and after the Judge had rained down on him volley after volley of the jargon, the wretched man, in a dazed sort of way, said: " Sir, vill you blease mit der Inkiish vords shbeak ! You vas a sebela vich gemes from der Unifersity von Heidelberg oudt. but I gomes from der Lowlands undt I tond't shbeak der fine

"Well, then," answered the Judge, "let's have some reinas.

Of all the members of this Court the one who has earned the widest fame is undoubtedly Judge Barrett His reputation as a jurist, familiar with both crimina and civil law, is firmly established. Before the result of the Sharp appeal upset his decisions, he was able to say after an experience of thirty years on the Bench, that he been overruied in a oriminal case. It is to be doubted if he has lost any in general esteem for his in ability to say that now. He took the reversal in perfect good humor, laughingly observing that the "Court of Appeals is a good Court, but it can't always be right." At a dinner given to Judge O'Brien Just about this time he made a speech in which he dectared with twinkling eyes that the great thing for his new colleague to learn was that " to err is human-to reverse, divine! "

Judge Barrett was the son of an Episcopal clergyman, and came to New-York very early in his life. Devotedly attached to music, he thought to make that science a profession. But a tinge of Bohemianism led him on the stage and nis first engagement, also his last, gave him the opportunity to swell his chest and thump his breast as he oried, flercely, " What! blows to a Roman citizen blows!" He got tired of being blown, however, and read law. How he ever got on the Bench or managed to stay there with his known contempt for the usual methods of the bosses is a mystery to those unfamiliar with the tricks of the politicians. They have the art to leaven their lump of unrighteousness and they learned from the Tweed experiment the wisdom of keeping the

Judge Barrett would have made a good actor. He has a distinct manner on the Bench which he puts on and off as English Judges do their wigs and robes. It is full of dignity, self-command and judicial reserve. Yet he is most polite, gentle and even deferential when the practitioner before him has earned the right to that sign of esteem. His manner suggests power and self-confidence. To young lawyers he is especially courteous and helpful; and never fretful, harsh or indifferent, he ilstens with the utmost patience and attention. It is said of him that only upon one occasion was he ever addressed rudely by counsel. He was signing orders. These were before him in a great bundle, and he was disposing of them as rapidly as possible. At one of them he paused, and handing it down to be returned to the attorney who offered it-a large, choleric man, whose inflammable disposition was well known-he said: "I can scarcely sign hat, Mr. Blank, you should give notice to the other side," and bending down over ; his work again be went

A moment later the crowded court-room was electri-fied to hear a savage roar issue from the irascible lawyer. "I won't give notice!" he cried, in the hottest passion. "The statute doesn't require it. I'm entitled to that order ex parie, and I'll have it, too!"

Judge Barrett looked up perfectly amazed. There was deep hust in the room. His first thought was to punish the man for contempt instantly, but a second thought struck him and he said, very quietly: "The Court will not be so rude as to contradict you, sir, but it would be

pleased to have you give notice."

The lawyer bowed low. "I tenst your flonor will forgive my misconduct," he said. "I am deeply humiltated," and picking up his papers he left the room. A hum arose very suggestive of applause among the awyers who had witnessed the incident.

But the Judge himself was rebuked once, and the way it happened is one of ex-Surrogate Rollins's favorite stories. Mr. Rollins was then an Assistant District-Attorney. He was trying a murder case before Judge Barrett, and he bad a negro on the witness stand who had seen toe shooting. The negro had become intensely interested in his own dramatic recital. His big, wide open black eyes were pivoted on Mr. Rollins, than whom saw no one else in the room, and he was alm trembling with excitement. He told his story as if he were having a private and personal conversation with Mr. Rollins, regardless of any other presence.

"An' den, boss." he said, in tragic, solemn tones "j-j-jess ez I war a-comin' 'roun' de cornab, I seen him long o' de lamp-pos'. I —-" At about Willst stine was this! - Interrupted the

The witness paused for just a second as if half-sensible of some disconcerting influence in his vicinity, but without turning his head he went on. "Ez I war a-comin' 'roun' de cornah, boss, I scen' him long o' de iamp-pos'. I ----"

Judge Barrett tapped the desk before him smartly with his gavel. "Stop, sir," he said. "The Court is asking you a quesion. At what time did you come around the corner ! Again he hesitated and made a motion with his hand as if brushing a fly from his ear, but went straightway

" Ez I was savin', boss, I roun'ed d-d-dat dar cornah, an' I seen him 'long o' --The Court brought his mallet down with a whack that

nade the poor negro jump half out of his chair. "What do you mean ?" cried the Judge. " I shall com mit you instantly if you do not answer my question! Sambo turned, faced the Court, and said in most depre eating tones: " L-1-1-took er yere, boss, doan' yo' see I'm

talkin' to dis gen'leman ! He was not committed. The Judge bent his head and shook with merriment, and Sambo went on undisturbed. Judge Barrett's wit rarely appears on the Bench, but he gives it frequent vent when out of the court room atmosphere. He is troubled with a certain weakness o the epigiottis which was first discovered a few years since at luncheon. All the Judges were present. He was eating an apple, when suddenly he choked fearfully. The blood rushed into his face and he fell back appar ently dying. His brothron did everything they could think of to relieve him, but they only made matters worse. They pounded his back and rubbed his chest and made him drink water, all of which were the worst things they could do. The Judge thought his last bour had come and he feebly whispered to Judge Davis: Keep an eye on my daughter. Be good to her" ne was after awhite relieved, for the apple disintegrated and took care of itself. In the course of an hour or so the physician arrived, and told him that his friends should have turned bim upside down with his beers in

"Of course we should!" cried Judge Davis. "Why in the world didn't we think of that ! " "The reason is clear enough," auswered Judge Barrett, smiling. "It would be odd indeed for you to think of reversing me!"

Whatever opinion Mr. Justice Patterson may entertain a the contrary, it will be generally admitted that the handsomest of the Judges is Abraham R. Lawrence. He comes of a handsome race. "The Bayelders," as they are called, because of their ancestral home on the shore Little Neck Bay, are all handsome people, Fred Lawrence, who was formerly president of the Stock Exchange, is one of them. De Lancey Nicoll is another, and the women of this remarkable family are famous for beauty and grace. The Judge has a full face with high polor and sliver white hair that curls around his forehead in a peculiarly ploturesque style. He has many odd ways. With a heart as tender as a child's his man ner is amazingly beiligerent. His voice always sounds is if it were breathing fire and staughter. When something strikes the door of the Judges' chambers like a pattering ram against an aucient fortress, it is under stood among the attendants that Judge Lawrence desires to enter. He goes out of his way to avoid stepping of an ant-hill, storming all the while about the depravity of man. In fact he is a regular Mr. Boythorne, standing with his pet canary on his bare head and guarding his side of the fence with a buildog and a loaded blunder

Whoever desires to offer Judge Lawrence's direct and inforgivable frault needs only to spell his first name "Abram." Many's the paper which has been returned to the luckless lawyer who committed this outrage. Occasionally when the Judge's feelings get entirely beyond his control he accompanies such documents with a feroclous note directing the offender's attention to that verse in Genesis wherein it is said: "Neither shall thy name any more be called Abram, but thy name shall be ABRAHAM, for a father of many nations have I made

Judge Lawrence was elected to serve his second term hast fall, and the price demanded of his managers by port was that the Judge should on no account know of any services they rendered. Indeed, it is believed that some expressly stipulated that hints should be let fall in his presence that they were against him. Experience had taught them that they would fare better in his cour if he were under the impression that they voted for his opponent rather than that they worked ardently for him.

"Judge Andrews is the only bachelor in the Court. He is, exceedingly quiet, slow and ellent. Tears ago he was

a Republican and is still smember of the Union League Club. It was here some weeks ago that he gave a dinner to all the Judges of this city, a splendid and graceful affair. But perhaps the regrets it now, for so got into the newspapers as a dinner which they had united in giving to him. It was not shown just why he should have been marked out as the especial object of their admiration, and he was greatly annoyed at the dander. He is sometimes confused in the public mind with Judge Andrews, of the Court of Appeals. He is not a' speech-maker, nor a man whose abilities place him in dramatic situations. He came upon the Bench from that nursery of Judges, the office of Corporation Counsel. He moceeded William C. Whitney, whose assistant he previously and whose friend and admirer he has always emained. The Corporation Counsel's | office is the in variable stepping-stone to greater distinction. Whitney left it to become the Secretary of the Navy: Mr. Mr. Lacombe to become a Federal Circuit Judge, and

Mr. O'Brien has just stepped out of it to join Mr. Andrews. It is said that Mr. Beekman, its present

coupant, regards these facts as hepeful.

Mr. Justice Patterson's great forte is dignity, a large supply of which he has constantly on hand. He was elected to the Supreme Court only after several unano pessful attempts to obtain the judicial office elsewhere. He was defeated by Judge Allen for the Common Pleas and again by Judge Bookstaver. He is a warm friend of Frederic R. Coudert, who did much to secure his nom! nation for his present office. Notwithstanding the fact that the office sought him slowly, it is believed that he abandoned a highly lucrative practice to take a judicial seat. When first elected it was apposed to be a practice of \$25,000, but gradually the impression of its value has risen until now it is placed 45: \$40,000, and it bids thir to roach au, even higher agura III: ardest friends concoive that he will bring the Court up to its pristing glory, the glory it once had under such men as Oakley and Duer. He is a clever, witty man, much attached to the judicial habit of taking long vacations. He somewhat astonished the Court last August when he was assigned to Chambers by gaily going off to Europe, leav ing Judge Donohue to take his neglected place.

No new Judge ever came into the Court under such

happy auspices as Morgan J. O'Brien. His amiability brightness and solidity of character have won him the warm regard of his colleagues. He has been dined and wined and feted and toasted constantly since his election, and to cap the climax before he had been a month on the Bench he found himself the father of a brand-new ouncing baby boy. It was christened on Thursday las at the Judge's house. Judge O'Brien is a Catholic and he has a consecrated chapel in his house, one of only two private chancis that exist in America in which high mass can be said. Notwithstanding his devotion to th Church, which regards him, be it said, with high favor, he is a most liberal man, broad in his views and sympa thies. Two Protestants officiated at the christening in honor of his new-born son. These were Judge Gray, recently appointed to the Court of Appeals, who is an old and intimute friend of Judge O'Brien and for whom the baby was named, and Judge Barrett, who stood at godfather. They promised to make it their special mission to see that the boy should renounce the ways of his father-that is, the vain pomp and glory of the world -and that he should do bonor to the rich Irish name of Morgan John Gray O'Brien. Judge O'Brien has not been long enough on the Bench to show how able a Juige he will be, but on his very first day he cleared off the calendar in an hour and went home, a fact which raised nim at once in the esteem of his colleagues and demon-strated clearly that the judicial instinct was in him and was capable of high and rapid development.

ACTORS IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA, COMPARATIVE CHEAPNESS OF ENGLISH LIFE

T. W. Robertson, until recently stage manager of Wallack's, said a few days ago while taiking about the condition of the theatrical profession here and in England: "I have, of course, no personal knowledge of the discomforts of a travelling actor's life in this country, but from what I have heard from many, I believe it is far less comfortable than a similar life at home. The English actor seldom goes to a hotel. There is a system of theatrical lodging-houses extending over pretty nearly the whole country. A couple of actors or a man and wife will have a parlor and bedroom, and the landlady buys their provisions and cooks everything for them. She tries to make them feel at home, and very generally succeeds. The expenses depend, of course, on the rooms selected and personal tastes in the matter of food, but an actor can live well for from #6 to \$10 a week. Indeed the latter sum would be considered a high figurewrite shead and when we arrive, there are, if it is cold weather, a fire in the room and something ready for us to eat. There is no waiting in hotel offices while rooms are assigned to an entire company, or shivering in cold rooms while a fire is being starte To have two rooms to live in here at a hotel, would run away with nearly all the salaries received in a majority of cases. In small towns where the lodging accommodations are poor or limited, we sometimes go to hotels, but they make liberal rates for party, and I have stayed at some of the best for about \$10 a week. And that means for two rooms The English actor would not like to be limited to the public rooms and a little slip of a bedroom. Salaries almost entirely consume the difference. Then our will be severely plain with trimming of braid bands will be severely plain with trimming of braid bands. whole year round. The summers are not too hot, as a rule, to make theatre-going a pleasure, indeed there are many towns which are not much good, except in the summer months. We do not know the miseries of one-night stands; three nights are generally the shortest time we stay in any place, and that only very rarely. Necessarily our jumps are short and not fatiguing. The English actor is comparatively rarely engaged though an agency, and therefore es capes paying fees and commissions. He addresses or is addressed by managers about engagements. Sometimes an actor will play with one company almost continuously for years. I have played 'The Governor for over three years, with a total intermission of little more than two months. Salaries run about \$30 for a fair juvenile man, and \$40 for a leading or character actor of equal ability. Old men and women get from \$25 to \$35. Lines of business are not strictly adhered to now, except in companies playing tragedy. The asystem of playing commanies in preventions in the contract of the companies of the contract of the system of playing companies on percentage is about the same as here. The local managers have no London agents and do all their own booising. Royalties for plays are not as high as here, but they are increasing. For "The Governor' I paid \$120 a week and 10 per cent of my profits."

From The Lincoln (Neb.) Journal The weary traveller, worn by care, listened to the melodious voice of the brakeman as he announced that passengers would be allowed twenty minutes in which to eat dinner. The weary traveller looked out of the car window and saw a sign which read:

HERE IS THE PLACE FOR A GOOD SQUARE MEAL.

He went to the emporium where the sign was dispussed, and ordered a square meal, which comprised the following:

A clew to a bowl of soup.

Roast beef, fully as picuteous as a postage stamp.

A fragment of a potato.

A spritucile site of bread.

A fraction of a pic.

A large cashier with a brigandish mustache imposed a fine of 75 cents, and the weary traveller, worn by care, returned to the car convinced that Nobuchadnezzar had a snap when he took his lunch in a pasture field.

IT WAS A SOLEMN OCCASION.

IT WAS A SOLEMN OCCASION.

From The Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.

A Buffalo "woman" (we believe there are no ladies nowadays) suffered a genuine shock the other day in mounting the steps of a Delaware ave, house at seeing a card over the beli-handle with the ominous inscription: "Come in; please do not ring." Opening the unlatched door, she hastened in with beating heart, prepared to hear of the critical illness of a member of her friend's family. In the hall the mistress of the household met her, tip-toeing across the hardwood floor, with finger on her lips. "What's the matter?" Sayped the visitor, thoroughly mystified. "Sh?" whispered the visitor, thoroughly mystified. "Sh?" whispered the other; "it is a meeting of the Browning Club."

CLAIMING NO CREDIT FOR THE SACRIPIOS.

A colored dude happened to be among the seated passongers in a Washington horse car. A young woman of his own color entered, and he immediately rose and offered her his seat. She gracefully demurred, and said: "I do not like to deprive you, sir, of your seat." "Oh, ne deprayity, miss," was his roply; "no deprayity at all; I prefer to stand."

This Highway of Nations The broad Atlantic, is ever a stormy thoroughfara. Yet

blow the wind ever so flercely and ride the waves ever so loftily seamen must man the good ships, brave the passage and commercial travellers huyers must visit the centres of foreign trade and mannfacture. That atrocious malady, seasickness, together with olicky pains and much inward unessiness, to often endured when Hostetter's Stomach Bitters would have fortified the voyagers against them. See captains, and in fact all old salts and votoran travellors are acquainted with the protective value of this estimable preventive and remedy, and are rarely suprevided with it. Emigrants to the far West should use it as a safeguard against malaria. Beek the aid of the Bitters for dyspepsia, constipation, liver complaint kidtronbles and all aliments that impair the harmonious and vigocous action of the vital powers.

85,000 PEOPLE.

gift-What the Most S

iting but makes money. Now, when a woman enters like the business ranks, and pulls shead of men who have been in the same business for years, her success is something to be wondered at.

I met a friend a few days ago who was telling me of the great success Mrs. Harriot Hubbard Ayer has made of her RECAMIER TOILET PREPARATIONS, and later of her new tonic VITA NUOVA, or, as the English of it is. New Life. He said, "Perhaps you have noticed her advertisement in the New-York papers in which she says that any ledy or gentleman who wishoe can call at her retail store, 27 Union Square, and get a free glass of VITA NUOVA. You had better go there." Well, I was feeling badly one morning about a month ago. As I came down town I stopped at 27 Union Square, and got a free glass of VITA as it is now generally called in New-York. It was decidedly pleasant, tasting like fine pure wine. Before I got over to the store I began to feel the good effects. That night on my way home I bought a bottle of it, and have used VITA ever since. I am free from that nervous dyapepsia which you know used to bother me so much.

I have investigated the subject of VITA, and find that over 85.000 ladies and gentlemen have within the past few weeks visited 27 Union Square for a free glass of it. Of course there are many who went there just as I did, without exactly knowing why, but I found that many poor people who were unable to buy VITA have been much benefit which must result from her generally will be vory great. Don't think I have gone crary because I am writing so much on this subject, but Mrs. Ayer's history has interested me, her ability has placed her at the hoad of a great business, and her generally must command the respect and admiration of all.

I don't suppose that there ever was a medicine which has had such recommendations. Senators, Members of Congress, Judges and public men known all over the country have recommended it in letters, which they permit Mrs. Ayer to publish in her advertleements. Now, you know, If it was not a good thi

SPRING GOWNS.

BEAUTIFUL WOOLS AND REFINED STYLES.

THE ORNAMENTAL SELVEDGE-WHITE GOODS AND GOLD BRAIDS-NEW HANDKERCHIKPS. The goods imported for early spring wear with ornamented selvedges or the "bordered wool," as they are sometimes called, are mad- up into gowns of one

fabric entirely. They are never used in combination with silk or satin, though they are seen in French fashion plates associated with figured, striped, or plain wools of different color which match the selvedges in pattern and shade. Woollen fabrics for entire tailor gowns are extensively imported this season in natural mixtures.

beige tints and Suede tones; and especially in denim blues and grays, the foremr being the exact color of of the workman. In plain mixtures these wools make excellent tallor gowns, which need no garalture, except the selvedge. In this selvedge the darker tone of the mixture forms a two-inch band of solid color on one edge for trimming the lower shirt and drapery, and a one-inch band on the other edge for trimming the corsage. This borders the revers front of the vest and the high collar and small square cuffs. It is a passing fancy to use the wider border for the edge of the underskirt above the braid. The skirt in such cases is made over the usual foundation skirt of aipaca, silk or farmer's satin, and the underskirt is shaped on this foundation skirt, so that the bordering selvedge falls just above the braid. The drapery, like the underskirt, is made lengthwise of the goods, thus avoiding seams and allowing the selvedge to form a border.

A stylish street gown of denim and cream-white wool in fine pinhead checks had two two-inch selvedges of solid blue. The underskirt was plain and was bor-dered by the solvedges and was nearly covered by a long, graceful drapery also bordered, the border extending up the left side where the drapery was held high in full, heavy folds. The little coat basque had revers which were turned back to display a vest of white pluque, sprigged in a pattern resembling the old-fashloned brilliant cottons.

Hair-lined French sultings for entire costum shown in the natural colors and in cream-white, and are especially dainty and pretty in golden browns gray-blue denim shades. Wools follow the rule of silks; small figures, stripes and checks, are intended for solid costumes, while the larger plaids and figured and plain stripes will be made up in combination plain woollens. The combination dress of two kinds of wool will find more favor in cities outside of our metropous than in the streets of New-York, except with women who always seek to be conspicu in dress and manner. A "highly-colored" season is predicted by buyers from abroad who sell goods extensively in the West and South; but the conservative women—and the best-dressed women of New York are always more conservative in matters of dress than the same class in England and France—will use natural mixtures, melanges of color rather than the new prowill be severely plain with trimming of braid bands and passementeries of Rossian braid and silk cord; or in the case of tailor coats simple collars, cuffs, and sometimes revers of velvet.

Fashionable women in New-York are as fastidious as French women about the cut, fit and general chie of their street costumes, but are more chary in the use of color. The elegance of their gowns depends en-tirely upon their style and their adaptability to the occasion for which they are designed. The intense brilliant reds and conspicuous copper shades of cloth which are used in imported street jackets are freely worn in London, but are relegated here to misses' and to general country and watering place wext.

Silk and wool mixtures of various kinds are certain to be popular. Henricita, cool pongee wools of the even weave of the India silk, corded bengalines, all show the popularity of these mixtures. Trustworthy merchants recommend these mixed goods in blacks and neutral mixed colors, but often hesitate to recommend them in the new colors for general wear. The shops prefer to recommend cashmere which is a pure wool goods whose wearing qualities are known rather than Henrietta cloths in colors, which are compara-tively new and many of which are produced by strong aniline dyes. These dyes are liable to act unequally on the silk and wool of which the goods are made, rendering them apt to crinkle with dampness. This is likely to be the trouble in any mixture where dyes have not been subject to special tests, as they have in black Henrietta cloths, and those suited to the union of the two materials found. Pongee cloths are delightfully cool street goods, which shed the dust and are especially recommended for summer travelling dresses. They are shown in fine heir stripes and plain and large plaids for combination. In natural mixtures, in quiet browns and dark blues, these cloths are hand-some and durable. Mohairs are shown in dark and high colors. Some of the Suede cloths in these mixtures are finished with ornamental selvedges in open-work, somewhat like hemstitching. The delicate tints of silks are reproduced in these mohair wools. The emerald or grass green which are popular with Parislan women are reproduced in the mohair pialds, in cross-bars, and broken patterns on cream Suede and other delicate grounds. Only a little of this conspicuous goods which is used in the underskirt is allowed to show, it being almost concealed beneath the abundant drapery of plain cream or other goods used as drapery. A small bodice with a touch of the gay piald and revers, cuffs, and collar of green velvet complete the dress.

White woellens are shown in many weaves of cloth have not been subject to special tests, as they have

White woollens are shown in many weaves of cloth and will remain popular as ever for yachting and for general country wear. For dressy white wool costumes are Bedford cords, a fine repped wool with the cord running from selvedge to selvedge. These gowns are finished with vests and garnitures of gold or silver braid in irregular wavy patterns or straight set lines. No remedy has yet been found for the sulphurous matter used to bleach nearly ail creamy woollen, which causes metal braid to become tarnished woollen, which causes metal braid to become tarnished before the dress is worn out, and in some cases turning the metal dark in a few weeks. The greatest care should be exercised in keeping these woollens in boxes or in closets apart from other dresses containing coloring matter, as enough of the sulphurous matter is retained by most white wools to bleach in spots almost any colored dress or pongee slik hung next to them. A piece of ordinary cream-white woollen rolled up with a piece of slik and laid away in a dark place will be found in a few weeks to have bleached the slik wherever it came in contact with it. The only remedy for this is to dispense with metal trimmings, unless a trustworthy merchant is willing to generate that no sulphur is used by the manufacturer in bleaching the goods.

goods.

White moire and opal tinted white sliks in the irladescent shades of the milk opal are both used in combination with sheer white woollens and mehairs. The fancy for white and gold remains, and many elegant watering place gowns will be made of changeable opal-white slik in combination with gold embroideries. Bengaline cords in pale rose ground scattered with wild rose blossoms and leaves, or strewn with all-over designs of spring flowers and irregular vines are made up into exquisitely graceful little gowns. It is a fancy of the hour to use narrow side panels, revers and other accessory trimmings of the yellowish tinted green of rose leaves.

The dreat handkerchiefs of linen cambric are woven.

and other accessory triminings of the ground of rose leaves.

The finest handkerchiefs of linen cambric are weven of the top of the flax by hand, and sometimes contain as many as thirty-five threads to the square inch. The threads used are so fine that the looms on which they are weven must be kept in damp places to keep the thread from breaking. Some of the daintiest embroidery is done by men who are rough field hands, and work during the winter at embroidery. Nearly all the Irish embroidery is done by men.

Sheer, fine haudkerchiefs with hemstitched border for gentlemen's dress use are shown in qualities that range in price as high as \$60 a dozen.

Thanks are due to James McCreery & Co., Arnold, Constable & Co., Lord & Taylor, Bedfarn and James McCutchson & Co.